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What the Brook Said.

THEN.

On, on, I would go
Singing through the ice and snow,
Though the dead, brown boughs gave no hope of summer shoots;
And my persevering fall
Seemed to be no use at all,
For the hard, hard frosts would not let me reach the roots.

Then the mists hung chill
All along the wooded hill,
And the cold, sad fog through my lonely dingles crept;
I was glad I had no power
To awake one tender flower
To a sure, swift doom. I would rather that it slept.

Still I sang all alone,
In the sweet old summer tone,
For the strong, white ice could not hush me for a day;
Though no other voice was heard,
Save the bitter breeze that whirled
Past the gaunt, gray trunks on its wild and angry way.

So the dim days sped,
While everything seemed dead,
And my own poor flow seemed the only living sign;
And the keen stars shone,

When the freezing night came on,
From the far, far heights, all so cold and crystalline.

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NOW.

A few months ago,
I was singing through the snow;
But now the blessing sunshine is filling all the land:
And the memories are lost
Of the winter fog and frost
In the presence of fair Spring with her full and glowing hand.

Now the wood-lark comes to drink
At my cool and pearly brink,
And the lady-fern is bending to kiss my rain-bow foam;
And the wild-rose buds entwine
With the dark-leaved bramble-vine,
And the centuried oak is green around the bright-eyed squirrel's home.

On, the full and glad content,
That my little song is blent
With the all-melodious mingling of the choristers around
I no longer sing alone,
Through a chill, pervading moan,
For the very air is trembling with the wealth of summer sound.

Though the hope seemed long deferred
Ere the south wind's whisper heard,
Gave a promise of the passing of the weary winter days:
Yet the blessing was secure,
For the summer-time was sure,
When the lonely songs are gathered in a mighty choir of praise.

I. F. ZIRCHER, '97.



THOUGHTS FROM BURKE'S "REFLECTIONS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION."

The famous Literary Club, of which Dr. Johnson was the autocrat and of which Gibbon, Sheridan, and Garrick were distinguished lights, possessed also in the person of Edmund Burke its most learned and able member. Burke was pre-eminently a statesman and an orator of the philosophic school.

He has especially endeared himself to Americans by his earnest defence of the principles, for which the fathers of this Republic fought the War of Independence. Wherever liberty and justice were found endangered, Burke always proved himself their energetic champion, whether the country was England, America, Ireland, or France. He denounced in the same forcible manner and with the same convincing logic both the tyranny of a ministry which sought to blight the budding hopes of the American Colonies, and the irrational spirit of liberalism which had infatuated the French "philosophers" in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Both tyranny and liberalism are equally dangerous foes to true liberty.

In the beginning of the French Revolution, Burke found little to blame, though he did not approve of the actions of the innovators; but when he saw the excesses committed in the name of liberty, when he saw tyranny in the garb of freedom stalk through fair France, perpetrating deeds excelling in atrocity the barbarity of the most cruel despots, he turned from the sight of blood with disgust, and with a prophet's voice stigmatized the unrestrained

license of the Revolutionists in the "Reflections on the French Revolution."

His argument practically begins with the statement, "Liberty like government is good in the abstract." France secured liberty by the revolution of 1789; but it was the liberty of a "madman escaped from the wholesome restraint of his cell. It was the liberty of a highwayman and murderer escaped from prison and enjoying his natural rights."

"The effect of liberty to individuals is, that they may do as they please: we must first see what they please to do before we congratulate them upon their liberty." The Americans also secured liberty, but they have been pleased to limit their own liberty by wise laws.

The revolutions against James II. and Charles I. differed greatly from the revolution in France. In England the people fought only for those constitutional rights which they had received from their forefathers. In France, however curtailed the constitutional privileges may have been, the people possessed the foundations and part of the superstructure which they might have repaired and formed into a body of liberty-giving laws. But this was not the method of the Revolutionists. They must needs destroy all those venerable distinctions of wealth and power which tend to methods of conservatism. Instead of recovering their ancient liberties and building upon the old but firm foundation, they began by overturning the very foundation of their freedom.

The happiness of people in every condition of life depends upon their virtue. Far from inculcating virtue, the revolutionary leaders inspired men destined for the lowest walks of life with false ideas and vain expectations, and thus aggravated the real inequality of classes which, from the nature of man, must exist.

Burke forcibly sets forth the folly of despising superiors and disregarding traditions of government, when he says: "France by following these false lights has bought undisguised calamities at a higher price than another nation has bought unequivocal blessings. France has bought poverty by crime. France has not sacrificed her virtue to her interest, but she has abandoned her interest that she might prostitute her virtue."

The fact that England possessed two legislative bodies, the House of Commons and the House of Lords, each of which acts as a check upon the other, is one of the causes of English conservatism. The framers of the constitution of the United States also saw the wisdom of the two divisions of the legislative branch of the government. They established a Senate and a House of Representatives. In France at the Revolution, three orders were merged into one. Thus a small desertion from two of the previous orders transferred all powers to the third faction, which, respecting no laws or precedents for its own government, and intoxicated with its own greatness, swept away in one general inundation the altar and the throne.

However great may have been the favor with which Burke looked upon a monarchical form of government, he did not confine power, authority, and distinction to blood. "There is," he

says, "no qualifications for government but virtue and wisdom, actual or presumptive?"

He sadly laments the departure of that "chivalrous spirit of fealty which, by freeing kings from fear, freed both kings and subjects from the precautions of tyranny." Wherever this spirit is wanting (and it no longer existed in France), "plots and assassinations will be anticipated by preventive murder and preventive confiscation which form the end of all power not standing on its own honor of those who obey it. Kings will be tyrants from policy when subjects are rebels from principle."

Religion is the only true basis of society, and the source of all good and comfort. Man is by nature a religious being; atheism stands opposed not only to reason but also to instinct. It would be the part of a fool to attempt to purge Religion of the faults of some of its professors, and to improve its discipline by calling in Atheism, the enemy of Religion. Absurd as is such a course, it was tried by the Revolutionists in France.

When Henry VIII. resolved to rob the Church in England of her possessions, he began by securing a pretext for his deed. He appointed a commission to examine into the supposed crimes and abuses of the religious communities. As might be expected from sycophants, the commission reported crimes and abuses prevalent in the religious houses. Henry VIII. was a tyrant, yet he thought this accusation hardly sufficient to confiscate the properties of the monasteries. The Revolutionists of France had a much easier method; they needed but four words; Philosophy, Light, Liberty, the Right of Man. This short form of incantation was a sufficient guarantee

to seize upon property worth twenty-five million dollars of annual rent and to turn fifty thousand people out of their homes.

The Revolutionists have drawn down upon themselves the execration of all well meaning persons by attacking with insatiate fury the nobility and clergy of France. If the nobles had been like some of the chiefs of former ages, who used to sally forth from their castles to rob the weak and unprotected, there might have been an excuse to examine into their conduct. The nobility for the most part was composed of men of honor, they were humane and hospitable. In their dealings with the lower classes, they conducted themselves with good-natured familiarity. They had little or no share in bringing about the depressed state of the finances or the misery of the country. But they received at the hands of the Terrorists a punishment such as is deserved by the greatest criminals.

No doubt, faults existed among the clergy; but we can not believe that so great a body of men were incurably corrupt. When a person who is about

to rob another accuses the latter of crimes, can we believe him? The Revolutionists accused the clergy of crimes; they were also interested witnesses, hence their accusations have no weight.

Succeeding events have corroborated the statements of Burke and proved his political foresight. France has suffered terribly from those atheistic principles which she had adopted. Thousands of her impious sons, after they had lost their hold upon the popular favor, fell by the hands of those who in their turn had obtained the ascendancy. Later on, Napoleon led forth the flower of the French nation to die upon the burning sands of Egypt or to perish amid the snows of Russia. As if in punishment of her crimes, France was drained of her manhood and humbled before the nations of Europe. Judging from the calamities France has endured from the Revolution to the present day, she has indeed paid the penalty of her brazen impiety in attempting to efface the knowledge of God from the minds of her people.

ALBERT RIESTER, '98.



MY IDEAL BOOK.

Among the numerous stars that enhance the literary firmament with their brilliancy, none cast a more effulgent glow into the space of time than the names of Newman, Wiseman, Faber, and Lingard. They have left in their wake by the excellence of their productions an influence and a fame that is felt and known among the English speaking nations of the globe beyond the pale

of Catholicity, for even Protestantism has paid tribute to their noble greatness and intellectuality.

One of the fairest productions that ever emanated from the pen of genius is that beautiful specimen of Christian narrative by Cardinal Wiseman, called "Fabiola." This work is truly a masterpiece of Catholic literary art, combining all the elements that ennoble the

reader's mind and awakening all the emotions of an impressive heart. It is a charming narration of a Christian age, when Pagan Rome yet held the flaming torch of persecution over the followers of the Nazarean; giving us inspiring examples of heroic fortitude, piety, and virtue displayed by the martyrs under the cruel persecution of Diocletian.

In the perusal of its pages, imagination carries the reader back through centuries of the time when within the circular walls of the magnificent Coliseum a barbarous people witnessed with delight the death and sufferings of innocence and virtue whose blood has made sacred the sands of that grand amphitheatre. Then again the mind is led down beneath the earth's surface into the catacombs where the true God received true worship, and where the venerated remains of saints were given their last earthly abode.

The scenes are laid in Rome. The characters taken are the most sublime objects upon which the pen of genius could ply its art. They are taken from the lives of saints, loved and honored by the Church as her brightest jewels: St. Pancratius, St. Sebastian, St. Agnes, St. Cecilia. Linked with the lives of these saints is the character Fabiola, around which the story turns. A beautiful charm of simplicity, tenderness, love, holy ardor, and fortitude that is exquisitely pleasing and calls for all the admiration and love of the reader, clothes the actions and characters of the saints. The scenes of their martyrdom are the grandest objects for morally sublime description history has afforded; and the author has seized the inspiration and described them in the most soul-inspiring effective language, that cannot fail to elevate the mind and leave a lasting moral influence on the

reader.

In the character of Fabiola, the author has shown his remarkable tact in fictitious creation to bring out the moral influence of the story. This character shows the great gulf that existed between the embodiment of pagan virtue and that of Christianity. Fabiola is a person of noble patrician birth; endowed with wealth and educated in the heathen sophistries of that age. She is imbued with all the pride and self-will, characteristic of her station, and she shares the general false ideas about Christianity; yet she retains a generous and virtuous soul. As a relative of St. Agnes and a friend of St. Sebastian, she comes in contact with their beautiful lives, admiring their virtues, although not aware of their faith. Their martyrdom, their touching self-sacrificing nature, and the sublime teachings of her slave Syra, show her the true religion which she embraces.

The descriptions of the catacombs are especially interesting. A long residence in Rome had made the author familiar with those venerated places of ancient worship and burial. A valuable knowledge is obtained of their construction, extent, history, importance, and use. A general information is gathered of the difficulties and dangers, under which the early Fathers had to labor for the cause of Christ, when the Roman hounds compelled them to seek these subterranean refuges. Their fortitude and perseverance contrasts strongly with the lukewarmness of our own times.

The writing of this book did not occupy the author's sole attention; it was written under difficulties that would have discouraged an ordinary writer. In leisure hours when ecclesiastical and public cares did not distract the mind,

the author would take up his task for perhaps a few hours, and then when other labors presented themselves lay it aside to be resumed at leisure. Yet he has given to Catholic readers a beautiful story of fascinating interest, full of pathos, tenderness, sublime examples of heroic virtue and piety, the first of its nature ever written. The great influence in lofty virtue and fervent resolutions it throws over the minds commends it to be the cherished work of every Catholic family. No one can arise from its perusal without feeling its soft gentle influence and be inspired to a greater love for the saints and pride in the glory of their holy Church.

The scenes and incidents are varied and lively enough to please the most imaginative mind, and yet there is an absence of that sickening excitement occasioned by fictitious adventures and

love scenes of romance. It is a purer and nobler sentiment that charms the imagination and keeps the mind riveted until the last page is read. The style of Wiseman is pleasing and beautiful. Some critics condemn him as being too florid, but it cannot be doubted that on his flowery style depends to a great extent the charm of his writings. No writer could have clothed the saintly characters of the early Christians with a more beautiful glow of heavenly light or made them such objects of pure love to the reader. Dr. Brownson pays this work the high praise it deserves, when he said: "It is the first work of the kind, in which truly pious and devout sentiments and the loftiest and richest imagination are so blended, so fused together, that one never jars on the other."

CHARLES E. CRUSEY, COM. II.



RELIGION AND THE ARTS.

The fine arts are not necessary to the sustenance of our lives. Their office is to please our higher sensibilities, to afford joy and pleasure rather than to serve any essentially necessary ends. It is, therefore, but natural that the necessary arts, generally known as trades, antecede in the history of mankind the beginning of the fine arts. The latter appear only after man, satisfied as to his exterior and more immediate wants, begins to feel the necessity of something nobler, higher, and more unearthly. This longing for the more elevated, the spiritual, the purely ideal increases in a people in proportion as

the light of civilization shines more intensely upon them.

Now, as religion is the principal and most potent factor in true civilization, so we find likewise that the history of the fine arts is very closely connected with that of religion; from the beginning of history down to our own day, religion and true art have gone hand in hand. Religion has ever been the mother of the arts, and from the Church they have received their highest inspiration.

Turning back the innumerable pages in the book of history, we find that of the fine arts that one most noble, most

conducive to elevate human nature, the one most practiced and perfected in our own day, was also the first that Clio has mentioned in her sacred book. Music is spoken of in the very first books of the inspired writers of the Old Law. It is this art, too, that has ever been devoted more than its sister-arts to the exclusive service of religion, of the Church. In the history of the Israelites, the chosen people, we find mention of music on nearly every page. But with them this heavenly maid was exclusively in the service of Jehovah. Every religious ceremony was rendered more solemn by music. They understood very well that this heaven-born child was too sacred to be employed for merely earthly ends. They knew music to be a divine bond, by which the human soul is in some measure united to the world of spirits, by which it pours out its whole self before its Maker in the most appropriate manner.

Of all the nations of antiquity the Grecians, had carried the art of music to the comparatively highest perfection. They were the only people that possessed a system of notes; and upon that foundation the majestic edifice of Christian music was later on built. If we inquire why it is that the Grecians, rather than any other people, should most develop the fine arts, we must answer, because they were most influenced by the supernatural, they were a people eminently religious. Though the light of revelation and with it the knowledge of the true God was lost sight of, they had a deep sense of the supernatural, and consecrated the arts to the service of their gods. We find that their music was cultivated and practiced especially at their national games; these, however, were eminently religious, because "religious" and

"national" on such occasions were strictly synonymous. Hence we must conclude that their music was cultivated under the influence of Religion.

The Romans who received this precious gift from the Grecians, also employed it at first in honor of their gods; but soon these degraded conquerors of the world degraded it to a slave of their sensual pleasures, thus depriving music of its dignity and in the same measure hemming its progress.

As to the art of painting among the ancients, little is known to us. We know, indeed, that the Greeks and Romans held the mastery in these departments and carried the art to no mean degree of perfection. It is quite natural, however, and by a comparison with the other arts as practiced by them, we arrive at certainty, that the perfection in this art was sought in the regions of the supernatural. And what could give them a higher inspiration for this noble art than the thought of presenting their gods and apotheosized heroes in a worthy manner to a revering people?

Architecture is another art which owes to religion its origin, its development, and its highest perfection. It originated from a feeling of duty and gratitude toward God or the gods; for recent researches clearly show that the first buildings of every people and every tribe, whether ancient or modern, were temples and monuments. The ruins of Rome and Athens, as well as history, tell us the great number and perfection of their temples, fanes, and shrines. God himself seems to have consecrated this art to his own honor, since the very first attempt at the art of architecture recorded, the building of the tower of Babel, was frustrated, because it originated in

pride, whereas for the building of the temple at Jerusalem He Himself gave the minutest directions.

The art which was carried to the highest perfection by the ancients is sculpture. The Grecians especially cultivated this in preference to any other art. Their models are even today studied by every one aiming at perfection in this particular branch. The reason why this art was practiced with such a predilection, and brought to the high edge of perfection, was again their religious cult: the great demand for statues of the gods and deified heroes. The Romans also had innumerable monuments, and statues of their deities, as we know from history; and with excellent effect did the speakers whose voice rendered the Roman forum so famous, appeal to these representations of their gods in order to kindle in the hearts of their listeners the fire of religious sentiments and patriotism which was rapidly waning.

About the time when Rome was at the pinnacle of her glory, when she had conquered the world, when all the riches, pleasures, commodities of civilized life were found in her capital, then also were the arts monopolized by this empire of the world. As long as they remained a religious people, the arts flourished and aspired toward perfection; but gradually as religion vanished from the hearts of the Romans, as the gods became mere scarecrows in the mouths of the great to check the rebellious populace, in the same degree did the arts retrograde, until after the last lights of the golden age of Augustus had flickered and died away, true art was no longer found among any nation of the earth.

Heathenish idolatry had become so gross as no longer to deserve the name

of religion; even the synagogue was split into several sects, wrangling with one another; they all preached the sound of the word, but the meaning was no longer known to them. There were indeed temples and shrines and monuments and gods and priests; there was everything that constitutes the garb of religion, but religion itself had vanished from the face of the earth. And as a necessary consequence the arts had lost their native home. These heavenly maids could not live in a world without religion; they fled to Parnassus, to the abode of the Muses, there in some solitary cavern to bewail their dreary lot.

Though religion, as we have said, had vanished from the face of the earth, there was still a spot where it was cultivated. The star of Bethlehem was risen, and soon it appeared over the Mistress of the world. It did not as yet illumine the corrupt city, but penetrated that mass of wickedness, and its benign rays shed a bright lustre on a subterranean city—the catacombs. There was the religion of the New Law destined to become the mother of the banished arts. Music was again the first to make its appearance. Soft, plaintive hymns arose from their lowly chapels, and the voice and talent of a Caecilia invested music with a dignity which it had never before possessed. The other arts did not so soon leave their retreat. The tree of the cross was growing indeed, but its branches had as yet not spread out sufficiently to afford shelter for a great number of singers, who might charm the world with their serene heavenly tones. The walls which circumscribed the earthly Sion encircled a space too narrow to allow many splendid temples and religious edifices to spring up. As long as the venerable

bodies of the first Christian heroes were exposed on the battle-field, there was neither leisure nor need of their likenesses being sculptured in marble or represented on canvas.

But when after three hundred years the powers of darkness withdrew from the scene of slaughter, when the gods of old bowed to the Crucified Victor, when the proud Roman eagle with his still blood-stained beak kissed the cross, when in a word, the Church obtained her liberty, then she at once invited the fine arts to enter her service; she exhorted these pure unearthly maids to glorify and render solemn the service and ceremonies of the Church, in order to atone for their fault in having served the heathen gods. And jubilant did they follow this invitation; they left the haunts of the Muses and pledged themselves to become the handmaids of the bride of Christ. The young Christian arts were now fairly progressing. Every branch was cultivated with diligence and success. But this calm, peaceful reign was not to last long. Ere long a bleak spot was perceived in the northern heavens; soon a black cloud of gigantic dimensions obscured the hitherto serene skies of Southern Europe. The intrepid pilot in St. Peter's boat saw the terrible storm approach. Like a wise admiral he gave warning and ordered all the effects to be brought into safety. And indeed, while all Europe was ravaged by this sweeping tornado of the Northern hordes, while the world was once more deluged with barbarism and ignorance, the arts were preserved like in so many arks in the convents that were then already springing up.

From this time the Catholic Church held the monopoly of the fine arts throughout the Middle Ages. Music, as

most closely related to religion, as most intimately connected with the ceremonies of the Church, received the first attention. It was cultivated and developed and preserved from corruption in the Church like the real Holy Grail in the legend. The Catholic Church has laid the foundation to music as a system of art; for more than a thousand years she alone furnished all the material for the raising of the splendid and indestructible edifice of music.

Already in the fourth century, St. Basil and St. Ambrose by uniting and improving upon the religious music of the Jews and Grecians had brought the music of the Church into some sort of a system. Gregory the Great gave to the Church that famous chant called after his name. Arezzo, an Italian monk, is well known as the inventor of the scale. In the thirteenth century we meet with the Dies Irae, and in the fourteenth with the Stabat Mater, whose forcible, plaintive, and soul-uplifting melodies do no less honor to the art of music than their lofty and touching sentiments and the manner in which they are expressed to the art of poetry.

In the seventh century we find the first mention of the organ. This queen of all musical instruments, and really the noblest of all productions in the sphere of human art, is a child of the Church. It was born of religion, was raised, developed, educated, as it were, by religion, it is employed in the cause of religion, it inspires religion. The loud, solemn, impressive peals of the organ are too dignified to court the lower passions of man, or to become an instrument in the service of the devil. The organ itself is a very appropriate picture of the Church. As it is capable of imitating every sound, to give full expression to every emotion of the

human heart. as its thousands of pipes unite to form one grand harmony which blends with the music of the spheres, and ascending still higher commingles with the voices of the celestial choir; thus the whole body of the faithful consisting of men of every disposition and character, send up their sighs, prayers, supplications, and exultations to form one grand harmony in adoration of the Most High.

Music of more modern date owes no less to the influence of religion. During the sixteenth century, religious and classical music denoted still one and the same. The highest ideals were sought and expressed in the "Mass." The merits of Palestrina, the Princeps Musicorum, who raised the strictly classical religious music to its highest stage of perfection, can not easily be overestimated. What Palestrina did for the Catholic Religion, the Bachs accomplished later on for the Protestant Church.

The beginning of dramatic music must also be looked for in a religious sphere, since it grew out of those well known Mystery Plays. The greatest musical geniuses have been Catholics; such as Haydn, "the father of Symphony" Mozart, to whom music owes probably more than to any other genius, Beethoven, who reached the acme of his fame when he began solely to live and sing for the Most High, when he began to say his beads before writing those admired compositions.

With regard to painting, it is but natural that it is a daughter of Religion; for the supernatural only can inspire such lofty ideals which invest this art with an unparalleled sublimity. Painting was always diligently practiced in the cloisters: but it reached its zenith in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when a Fra Angelico, a Raf-

fael, and a Michelangelo 'drew Heaven down to our earth, when they made the walls of churches and chapels preach to the faithful, when they expressed the sublimest mysteries on their canvases, thus rendering them more easily comprehensible to the people. These artists are even today of irrefragible authority, because they painted, not so much according to a set of rules, but because from pure heavenly inspiration. The greatest artists have been the most pious men. In the pictures of the saintly Fra Angelico we discover more purity, simplicity, and innocence than in those of Raffael, whose productions, though at first strongly characterized by the same qualities, gradually grow devoid of them, in proportion as the artist became more and more worldly. Of Michelangelo it is said that while executing his masterpiece, the Divine Judgment, he frequented the Sacraments and assisted at divine service oftener than usual. The greatest religious painter of our own age, Deschwan-den, whose two thousand paintings decorate cathedrals and chapels in every part of the Christian world, was a man of "faith, of religion, and of the Church."

To vindicate the art of architecture for the Church, it will be sufficient to point to those mighty Gothic structures of Europe, the cathedrals, abbeyes, and domes, especially at Paris, Rouen, Westminster, York, the palace of white marble with its 10,000 statues at Milan. and above all the mighty St. Peters at Rome, whose splendor baffles all descriptions. The last two are at the same time a good indication of what the Church has done for sculpture.

As soon as art disavows the governing influence of religion, it degrades, loses its true inspiration, and becomes a servant to the lower passions of man. The

truth of this assertion is but too evident, as nearly all our great cities bear witness to it.

It is evident, therefore, that the arts have been born of religion, were cherished by it, and have reached perfection under its salutary influence. The arts, to attain their ends, must be noble, sacred, and unearthly, like the Church her-

self. They are heavenly organs by which the life of religion is most fittingly expressed, and its celebrations are endowed with proper dignity. The arts are heavenly maids attending on the bride of Christ, whereby she is dignified while they themselves are elevated and ennobled.

DIDACUS A. BRACHMAN, '97.



BEHIND THE PRISON BARS.

In the happy days of childhood we loved to linger on the mossy banks of some rippling rill, to watch it as from the bubbling spring it glided past the yellow daisies, sparkled in the summer sun, laughed as it sang its song of love and kissed the weeping willow. With our miniature dams we would check its course and watch impatiently how slowly it rose higher and higher, till in spite of all our childish efforts it broke away and laughed, as it were, at our endeavors. Little did we then consider the hidden forces that lay within that brooklet.

Like the brooklet are the lives of great men. The course of many were smooth and theirs were happy lives when suddenly by ruthless hands their happiness was turned to sorrow. Oras Avon's swan so sweetly sang on the busy banks of Thames:

"This is the state of man; today he puts
forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow
blossoms.
And bears his blushing honors thick
upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing
frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man,
full surely

His greatness is aripening,—nips his
root,
And then he falls.

While their fellowmen basked in the sun's glad light and listened to the carols of birds, many have there been to whom for months a sunbeam was a stranger, to whom the bat's shrill shriek was the most pleasant sound they ever heard. Such were the men to whom the prison gate became the porch of fame.

In far away Pavia near Hella's sunny shores may be seen at St. Augustine's the tomb of him who within the prison walls found consolation in philosophy, and taught the world the sweets of adversity. Little thought Boetius as he wrote his "De Consolatione Philosophiae" that ages later when tossed on fortune's boisterous sea kings and princes would have recourse to his great work. It was great King Alfred who during his turbulent reign strove to forget within its pages the memory of his sorrows.

While the Angelic, Seraphic, and Irrefragible Doctors and Great Albert astonished Europe by their erudition, Roger Bacon, the Admirable Doctor, lived at Oxford in the humble frock of

St. Francis. Having aroused by his learning the hatred of the illiterate under the pretense that he dealt with the devil, his writings were confined to his convent and his cell became his prison. Here he remained for ten long years at the end of which through the Pope's interference he obtained his release. During the years of his imprisonment, Bacon wrote several works, corrected his former one, and persevered in his search for knowledge. Perhaps it was then that he evolved his theory of concave and convex glasses and the camera obscura.

Soon the morning star of English song shed its fair rays upon a waking world. As the night was one of exceeding darkness, the dawn was still obscured by the overhanging clouds. Behind the bars of the London Tower, for political reasons we are told, Dan Chaucer sadly writes that he "endured penance in this dark prison caitifued from friendship and acquaintance and forsaken by all that any word might dare speak." But like a second Boetius, he tried to forget that his were heavy trials by writing an imitation of the "De Consolatione," an allegorical prose composition, his Testament of Love, in which he feelingly laments his own misfortunes, "berafte out of the dignitie of office."

Of the many who suffered during the reign of Queen Bess, the memory of none lingers so sweetly in all hearts as that of the martyr, priest, and poet, Robert Southwell. With melancholy interest is his short story read. Hunted down by the English "bloodhounds," he was apprehended in 1592 and committed to a dungeon in the London Tower, so noisome and filthy that when brought out for examination his clothes were covered with vermin. For three

years did Southwell give a living proof that God's flowers bloom on every soil. Weakened by ten cruel inflictions on the rack, Southwell entreated a trial; but he might have asked as well for a sentence against himself, for shortly after, with all the revolting circumstances so characteristic of Elizabeth's intolerance toward her Catholic subjects, he was executed at Tyburn. If one's writings are true gauges of the mind that conceived them, Southwell's must have been one of serene and peaceful sadness, for his poems are models of inimitable simplicity, harmony, and suggestiveness; nor do they lack that naturalness of sentiment and compactness of thought which mark the true poet. Of his poems, "St. Peter's Complaint" and "Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears" are considered the best. Both were written during his confinement and bear the influence of his surroundings in even their names. The poems of Southwell after a long neglect are again obtaining popular favor.

Like the mighty oak that withstood many a winter's blast but at last has fallen a gigantic ruin by the lightning's crashing bolt, lay the dashing courtier, Walter Raleigh, within a dungeon of the Tower. How long must not the thirteen years of confinement have seemed to him who but little before was the "Flower of English Chivalrie." How vividly must not the words of nature's oracle have come to his mind: "O, how wretched is the man that hangs on princes' favors!" But those years did not hang idle on his hands, for he undertook and nearly completed the immense task of writing his "History of the World," which he brought to the fall of the Macedonian Empire. Owing to lack of historical resources, it is now superseded by more accurate works.

The pervading spirit of philosophic culture shows that it is the fruit of a mind which has experienced life's vicissitudes to the full.

Twelve years did the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" spend behind the bars of the Bedford jail, one of those infectious prisons where Puritans rotted during the Restoration. This work of Bunyan is perhaps the greatest allegory ever written in prose. "There is no book," says Macaulay, "in our language, on which we could so readily stake the fame of the old unpolished English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper sphere, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed." "Was there ever," says Dr. Johnson, "anything written by mere man that the reader wishes longer except Robinson Crusoe, Don Quixote, and The Pilgrim's Progress?"

The Publication of "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters" in 1702 occasioned its author, Daniel Defoe, two years of imprisonment behind black Newgate's iron bars. Here the author of "Robinson Crusoe" published his periodical, "The Review." Its publication gave to Steele the hint for his "Tatler."

If surroundings influence one's writings, we certainly come to a happy exception in "Don Quixote's" famous author Cervantes. Like the comedian who sets the world laughing though his own heart be heavy with sadness, Cervantes delighted the thousands of his readers by his graphic descriptions of the Don's ludicrous plights and honest Sancho's pleasant wit. And yet Cervantes, we are told, wrote behind the bars of a Spanish prison. Truly must his have been a noble soul thus to laugh at fate.

Preaching against the Established Church was the crime which brought good William Penn within the walls of Newgate. The direct result of Penn's confinement was his "No Cross, No Crown." Sweet consolation for him who meets with trials.

In that same old London Tower whence so few emerged but to go upon the scaffold, Blessed Thomas More rather than accede to "Bluff King Hal's" desires chose to pass many a dreary month. Here, too, did beautiful Mary Stuart lie captive eighteen years.

Not within the Tower, but within old Windsor's cold stone walls, was Scotland's youthful prince, James I., a prisoner nineteen years. In the prime of manhood but excluded from the means of giving expression to the honorable sentiments that glowed within him, the royal captive sees one day from out of his palace-prison a fair and noble lady. Enamoured of her, he writes in her honor a poem, "The King's Quhair." In this poem, written in a serious vein and allegorical style, is displayed a degree of grace, beauty, and sweetness that makes us regret that the author was doomed to royalty's doubtful honors.

Beneath Westminster's fretted vaults, the tombs of two attract attention by the singularity of their epitaphs; "O Rare Ben Jonson," and "O Rare Sir William Davenant." Both Jonson and Davenant were Laureates of England. Both had tasted differing fortunes. For duelling with a companion, Jonson was imprisoned two years, and it was during this period that he was brought to the light of the true faith, which in his later prosperity he lost. For political reasons, Davenant was incarcerated in the London Tower. Through the mediation of his fellow poet Milton, he

obtained by degrees complete liberation.

Of the many others who lay long years immured by the gray stone walls, those most known are Wycherly, Withers, Prior and Baxter, and in our own enlightened age those champions of truth, Garrison and Kossuth.

Though incomplete, the list is long, and who will doubt that it is of use? since

"Lives of great men all remind us
How to make our lives sublime."

And as we conclude the words of Lovelace come to our mind,

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an heritage."

FELIX SEROCZYNSKI, '99.



MUSING.

On the blue ocean of air
Slow drifts the ambery moon;
The dew hangs its pearls in the willow's pale hair;
But my soul drifts on dreams to a moonlight fair,
When the dusk came too late, and the dawn came too soon,
One long vanished June.
Lily-bells shake at my feet;
Heliotropes nod at my head;
And the rarest of roses make the air sweet:
But I think of the blossom time—precious and fleet—
Till dead petals of flowers over me shed
Lost odors instead.

I. F. ZIRCHER, '97.

ANGELUS.

O'er the laughing fields and blooming meadows
Evening with its rosy footsteps glides,
Tracing golden lights and purple shadows
O'er the hills and dales and mountain sides.
Nature all absorbed in adoration
Is enraptured in silence most profound;
Nothing breaks the quiet's sweet duration
Save the rustling leaves' mysterious sound.
Save the Evening Ave's solemn greeting,
Mary's praise proclaiming far and wide;
Mary's praise its echo is repeating
From the hills and dales and mountain sides:
"Ave Maria!"

GERMAIN C. HEIMBURGER, '97.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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During the Scholastic Year by the Students.

OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

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✍ The object of this paper is not to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary college journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students, in the interest of the students, and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the COLLEGIAN from students' parents and friends, who cannot but take a lively concern in the general advancement of those dear to them at college.

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EDITORIALS.

Since most of the members are of the graduating class, it is but natural that during the course of the last month they should have given more attention to the immediate preparation for the final literary contest than to editing the COLLEGIAN. For this reason the work of getting out the present issue devolved upon the remaining members of the staff. The local department has

been entrusted to youthful scribes who earnestly aspire to a membership on the staff next year, which position can only be secured by excellent work in English composition. Since they have not completed their course in literature and rhetoric, even their best efforts can not be expected to be of the same standard as those of the graduates. We would ask our readers to be indulgent in their criticism and consider the faults and deficiencies which may appear in this issue as those of youth and inexperience. As already mentioned in the COLLEGIAN of October, our last issue will be the Commencement number and will appear the first week of July.

It will no doubt be of interest to the friends of St. Joseph's to learn that our second Commencement will be on the 22nd of June. The success that attended our first attempt to render one of Shakespeare's plays has encouraged us this year to try "Julius Caesar." This tragedy will be produced on the eve of Commencement. On Tuesday, the 22nd, the exercises will open with Solemn High-mass. Rev. H. Alerding, Indianapolis, Ind., will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon. After Mass, at a convenient hour the Military will hold two competitive drills, one between Company A & B for Colors, and the other between the privates for officers. The judges for drills are Ex-Major J. F. Cogan, Glynwood, O.; Mr. A. Mug, a commercial graduate of St. Joseph's and at present connected with the military department at Purdue University; Ex-Captain J. B. Fitzpatrick, Ft. Wayne, Ind. The program which has been deferred on Military Day will be rendered at 2:00 P. M.; it will consist of a Dress Parade, Battalion Maneuvres, Presentation of Colors, Sword Drill by

Officers, Recollections of War, and Storming of Ft. Thomas. Owing to the length of the program the usual Military Day Oration will be omitted. In the evening of Commencement, the exercises of the graduating class will be held and degrees conferred. The program of Commencement closes with the banquet of the alumni on Wednesday 23rd.

THE LECTURES.

Father Romer delivered his second lecture on the History of Music on May 12th. After noticing the general state of music during the first three centuries of the Christian era, the lecturer showed that devotional music was not publicly employed in the Catholic Church till the time of Constantine. St. Ambrose, in compiling and arranging the melodies used in the Church, at his period greatly improved the music of the Church. His system which was canonically established for two hundred years was perfected by Pope Gregory and is now known as the Gregorian chant. This admirable music has ever since been the music of the Catholic Church and is of such excellence that Mozart, Liszt, Mendelsohn, and other musicians have declared it to be truly heaven-born. The lecturer reviewed the establishment of singing schools from the seventh to the fourteenth century and alluded to the musical events in England, France, Germany, and the Netherlands. Speaking of Orlando Lassus and the fourth Flemish school, the Rev. speaker explained the gradual development of polyphony and its triumph under Palestrina, whose works and services in

the cause of the Catholic Church music were dwelt upon at length. The perfection of musical instruments and the extent of their use in the Church was also of interest. The lecture was very instructive to the students.

The lecture on "Mezzofanti" which Father Oechtering of Mishawaka, Ind., delivered in the College Hall on May 25th, was highly interesting and full of useful observations for students. The introductory remarks were made on the art of reading well, advising all to note down striking thoughts and happy turns of expression. Then followed an interesting account of the first years of Cardinal Mezzofanti, whose genius was bent on languages and as such has not been approached and will most likely never be equaled by that of any other man. Many incidents of his life were related showing his power of comprehension and the marvelous retentiveness of his memory. To deduct the general principles of a language from a few words and then to speak it idiomatically and with correctness of accent and nicety of inflection with scarcely any practice whatever, is certainly remarkable. His industry and application were equally astonishing, and the manners and religious zeal of this truly great man are likewise deserving of the highest admiration. The Rev. lecturer also pointed out the relations of Mezzofanti to the other great men of his time particularly to his lifelong friend, Pope Gregory XVI. In conclusion, he strongly advocated the study of languages, because they are useful and even necessary to men of every profession in this country. The frequent and hearty applause of the students was a sign both of the popularity of the speaker and the lively interest which his lecture called forth.

NEW BOOKS.

Benziger Bros. (33 & 38 Barclay Street, New York) have recently published a "Manual of the Holy Eucharist, prepared by the Rev. F. X. Lasanne, Spiritual director of the Tabernacle Society of Cincinnati." This highly commendable book will undoubtedly meet with the hearty approval of the Catholic world, since in our day when all devotion is centering around this sublimest of mysteries, the Blessed Sacrament, it does nothing less than fill a real want, the more so as it is the first complete book on the Holy Eucharist in the English language. The first part of this work is translated from the German of Rev. M. Kinn. It consists of nine learned and beautiful conferences on the Blessed Sacrament, of which the chapter on "The Real Presence" deserves special mention. The second part explains the work of the Tabernacle Society, the object of the confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, and the present importance of the devotion to the Holy Eucharist. As it is at the same time a complete prayer-book, containing many psalms, litanies, and methods of hearing Mass and making visits to the Blessed Sacrament, it will be highly prized by all devout Catholics. The little work will especially prove of value to priests wishing to establish any confraternity or society relating to the Holy Eucharist. Whoever uses his influence to procure a wider circulation for this book performs an office of love toward his Sacramental God. Price of the book, Cloth 75 cents; Leather \$1.25.

"Three Girls and Especially One"

by Marion Ames Taggard, in keeping with their progressive spirit is the latest venture of Benziger Bros., N. Y., the publication of a series of crisp, bright stories for the juvenile members of our Catholic world. The story is a sketch of child life among the wealthy classes of the Metropolis, a picture of one corner of the children's Four Hundred. In it we are introduced to the younger members of the Merrick family, who are all somewhat vitiated, owing to the cold environments of their home. Bob and Hugh, two young Merrick hopefuls, infuse a refreshing dash into the story, and counteract the chilling influence of the opening chapters. Margery is a gifted and imperious little body, whom the gods have destined to occupy a niche in the temple of Fame. The only drawback is that Margery is not quite determined as to what particular shrine she wishes to fill. Two unforeseen events, however, change the whole tone of their family intercourse. The first is the arrival of "Prairie Chickens," and the second is an accident which leaves Margery an invalid for life. Through these two agencies she becomes her mother's poem, "a bit of mignonette among a bunch of showy flowers." There is infinite pathos in the patient agony of Margery, whose soul, like a butterfly, is preparing for a flight from the chrysalis. Nothing quixotic is to be found in the book. Everything pleases us from the tasty binding to the parting scene, where we suddenly discover that, when Margery fell, she fell into our hearts.

"The Blissylvania Post Office" was

written by the same clever lady. Either the author is a very close observer of small folk or, like her two superlative creations, Mr. Dean and Miss Isabella, "she has grown up without and remained a child within," for her pages are replete with sayings and doings peculiar to childhood. Her children are of the real American stamp, which must exert a wholesome influence in any Christian home. The out-come of the story would make an Arabian Night's tale, were it not for the nineteenth century glamour, which is cast over the book. Our sympathies are at once enlisted with the boyish Jack and his clever cousin Margery. It is through the latter's exertions that everything is lovely at the wedding breakfast of Robert and Isabella just before the curtain rings down on the happy issue of Jack's toast. Price of the books, 50 cents each.

"An Heir of Dreams."—Among the many interesting juvenile productions recently published, this little story of childhood's ambitions and dreams by Lallie Margeret O'Malley deserves recommendation for the apt and spicy style in which it is written, and its influence of industry and noble aspiration on the youthful reader's mind. The story is possessed of sufficient interest to afford a pleasant recreation for the young imagination. It is a story of a day dreamer who, through the influence of a dream and the kind help and advice of the parish priest, develops into a diligent worker and bright scholar with

a desire to do something great in the world. After reaching man's estate, he has earned the respect of his fellow citizens, falls heir to a rich mansion, left by an old admirer, and is placed on the ticket as a candidate for representative, which all seems like a dream as expressed to his sister. The book is replete with humor and contains some very tender, pathetic scenes. The book may be purchased neatly bound at 50 cents at Benziger Bros. (36 & 38 Barclay Street, New York.)

"A Summer at Woodville" is a neat little book from the well known pen of our able translator, Miss Anna T. Sadlier. It is a story relating to the incidents of Catholic American children in a country resort. The author without becoming a moralizer inculcates noble ideas on the mind of the reader. She has an admirable tact for describing trivial occurrences very pathetically. Her tender feelings are well expressed by the sympathetic character of Martha. Tenderness and simplicity are two striking characteristics of the little work. You cannot but smile at the droll *naivete* of little Charles. The book is far from being devoid of interest: The energetic description of a thunderstorm and the children's deplorable plight, the incidents occurring at the meeting with the ominous witch, and the mysterious but genial squire at Brakenridge Hall, will captivate the attention of every youthful reader. The book may be procured neatly bound for 50 cents at Benziger Bros., N. Y.



EXCHANGES.

Amidst the adverse criticism which many ex-editors are heaping upon the action of certain journals in printing scurrilous attacks upon exchanges, it may be opportune to inquire into the causes that led the offending ex-men to make this melancholy move. In our opinion, the primary cause is the evil generally known as "blowing in the common horn." When the merits of anything literary are to be passed upon, a leading organ sets the pace, and the rest fall into line, right or wrong. If there be one possessing sufficient critical acumen to perceive, and boldness enough to declare a difference, he is at once declared without the pale of intelligent criticism, and like Mr. Jenkinson in the Vicar of Wakefield, "obliged to turn sharper and outlaw in his own defense." Certainly no direct palliation can be offered, but there are many who should consider well before cauterizing, in presumptive wisdom, their fellow eds.

In its last issue, the *St. John's Record* extends to us the hand of good fellowship; and the COLLEGIAN must style it "hail fellow well met." May your visits be always as convivial in future.

Intimidated by the severity of our northern clime, the *Salve Regina*, child of the mellow South, stopped its visits early in the fall. Now that Nature smiles again, it returns with her birds, freighted with joyous songs. "Kathleen and Kevin" is a very commendable article on that most romantic of Irish myths and its interpretation by Moore and Griffin.

The stories in the *Scholastic* are al-

ways to be marked for their originality, which is generally introduced without the absurdity that accompanies many attempts at sketches of an original nature. In a recent issue, a story is printed whose plot appeared elsewhere before its second *debut*, if the phrase is allowed, in the *Scholastic's* columns. With a few changes of minor importance, the pivotal point in the plot of "The Table Turned" corresponds to that of a drama, which we had the pleasure of seeing some seasons past. Literary cribbing, however small, should not obtain in a paper of the *Scholastic's* prestige.

The editors of the *Mountaineer* have infused added virility into their clever and trenchant paper by uniting humorous and imaginative matter with strong body articles. A lengthy critique on Stevenson takes an ideal conception of his novels. The writer shows a disposition to review an author intelligently, and possesses unbounded facility of expression. It is, however, a matter of regret that a woful want of precision, combined with turgidity and obscurity should greatly mar an otherwise clever production. "To the South Wind" is an ode of exquisite coloring and great power of suggestion. The metre is very judiciously chosen, as its musical swing is in thorough consonance with the subject.

The May Purple has several excellent articles on medieval subjects. Of these, the treatise on Sixtus V. is of especial interest to the student of history. The writer evidently has a thorough knowledge of the state of affairs in Italy at

this period. The rottenness of the political and social fabric and its reconstruction are set forth with a terseness and thoroughness that is seldom attained by the collegiate essayist. The leading contribution to the editorial sheet is a very practical editorial on the public library question. Though seemingly somewhat hackneyed, great interest attaches to this subject for all intelligent Catholics, and it is incumbent on the College press, as representative of the brain of our Catholic youth, to keep this question in the public eye. All journals, like persons, have their peculiar traits. A ponderous oppressiveness, or an inclination to be severely proper, is what may be termed the "ruling passion" of the *Purple*. A dash of mirth mixed in with its pages of learning

would make it vastly more pleasing and not necessarily mercurial.

Amid the sound of breaking buds and purling brooks, the tinkling of the *Chimes*, if possible, sweeter, softer still than these, is wafted to our *sanctum*. The *Chimes* is marked by a captivating individuality and invariable good taste. The delicate phrasing with which book reviews are struck off, makes it far and away the peer of academic journals. There is the genuine ring in the verse of the poet's page, which is this month dedicated to the Queen of May. This success has been obtained by the writers remaining within the strict compass of their powers, which is far from circumscribed.

T. P. TRAVERS, '99.



BASE BALL.

COLLEGE 19; RENSSELAER 6.

The opening game was a victory. With the assistance of the few errors our team did make and a bunch of scratch hits, the Rensselaer men piled up their quota in the fourth and seventh innings. Outside these two innings, the game the home team put up was a brilliant exhibition of how the national game should be played. The fielding feature was Schneider's running catch of a high fly in short right, that seemed entirely safe. It was in the fourth, with a man on third, when one of these vicious twisters, the hardest ball to judge or catch, was placed just out of Bessinger's reach. Capt. Mungovan called for Schneider. The speedy fielder dashed forward to accept the trial and

was successful by pitching forward and making the catch. Stolz, in left, took three difficult chances with success. With the exception of the fourth and seventh, the story of the first was the story of the entire game. Hawkins via Cook. Stolz's hair raising catch of Moore's fly, and a weakling to Bessinger, ended the first inning. Mungovan led off with a ripping single to centre, stole second, and went to third on Traver's turf plunger to left. Bessinger tripled the pair home with an air burner to right, and "the story runneth thus" for the remainder of the game. Bessinger signalized his entrance into the box in the eighth by striking out the first three men at bat, and repeated the trick twice in the ninth. Moore of the Chicago

Unions was in the box for Rensselaer until the seventh, when he was relieved by Manly. The cold weather, no doubt, is partly accountable for the numerous errors.

SCORE.

COLLEGE		R	H	P	A	E
Mungovan	s.....	4	4	1	3	1
Travers	3rd b.....	4	4	0	1	0
Bessinger	1st b....	2	4	9	3	1
Scharf	2nd b.....	1	2	5	1	1
Missler	c.....	1	1	7	5	1
McLaughlin	cf.....	1	2	1	0	1
Stolz	lf.....	3	2	3	0	0
Schneider	rf.....	1	2	1	0	0
Cook	p.....	2	2	0	2	0

Total, 19 22 27 15 5

RENSSELAER		R	H	P	A	E
Hawkins	c.....	2	1	5	3	2
Moore	p.....	0	0	4	0	0
Manly	ss.....	1	1	4	2	2
Reynolds	2nd b.....	1	2	4	2	2
Woods	m.....	2	2	0	0	1
J. Collins	1st b.....	0	0	2	0	2
G. Collins	lf.....	0	0	0	0	1
Peacock	rf.....	0	1	1	0	1
Rhodes	3rd b.....	0	1	4	0	1

Total, 6 8 24 10 12

S. B.—College, 9; Rensselaer, 7; Earned runs—College 10; Rensselaer 3; Two base hit, Bessinger. Three base hit—Bessinger. Double play, Collins to Reynolds. Struck out—by Cook and Bessinger, 9; by Moore and Manly, 4. Passed ball—Hawkins. Umpire—Fallen. Time 2:15.

LOCALS.

What is the correlative of locomotive?—Lieutenant.

Il blessa sa soeur et la tua.—He blessed his sister and yours.

Mala mali malo mala contulit omnia e mundo. The bad (Eve) brought all

evils into this world by the evil of an apple.

Professor: "Frank, when only will two lines meet?" Frank (absentmindedly): "If not in this world then in the next."

The Japanese pavilion, once the haunt of our poets, is now no more. Time's ruthless hand performed its part, and the carpenters did the rest.

The members of the Senior Tennis Club wish to thank Father Mark for the substantial manner in which he made manifest his lively interest in their behalf.

Father Maximilian's class in literature recently studied in the classroom Burke's Conciliatory Speech with great relish.

Father Eugene's Latin class is at present memorizing portions from Cicero's orations, which are recited in the classroom.

"The Record's Summer School at Home" is the most valuable addition that has of late been made to our reading table. To literary students it is a real treasure.

From Mt. St. Mary's, Cincinnati, a pleasant missive has reached us. It came from an old time friend Mr. Joseph Abel, '93. Mr. Abel writes that he is now fairly recovering from his recent serious illness. Besides the words of encouragement to the Collegian staff, the renewal of his subscription shows how kindly are the feelings he bears toward old St. Joseph's.

Seeing that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, some of the graduates obtained permission to enjoy the pleasures of a spin. Remington was decided upon as the terminus, and, needless to say, a good time is reported, owing no doubt to the hospitality of

our Reverend Friend of that place, which others, too, have already enjoyed.

Judging from the number of the boys, who of late spend their "free time" on the banks of the Iroquois, or those of humbler pretensions who angle in the lake on the College Campus, Izaak Walton seems to have quite a number of disciples here. Some fine pike and carp are brought home every week.

The annual picnic will be held in the near future under the auspices of the St. Boniface Literary Society. A beautiful grove has already been selected for that purpose, and the members of the Society are availing themselves of the half-holidays to make grand preparations for the day.

As usual, the devotions to St. Aloysius are again being observed for the six Sundays preceding the feast of this great saint. We are glad to state that a lively zeal to honor and imitate this excellent example of youths is to be perceived among the students. No one is ever missing on Sunday morning at the Communion railing, or at the devotion in the afternoon.

Another brilliant occasion for acquiring honors and gaining prizes will be the eighth of June, the day agreed upon for the annual picnic. Boys be up and at it! Do not permit all the prizes—and they'll be worth running for—to be carried off by one conqueror as of late.

Another picture from the brush of Father Paulinus adorns the corridor on the first floor. It represents St. Catharine as receiving her bridal ring from little Jesus who sits on His Mother's lap, while He smiles at the spotless bride at His feet. The picture is one of Father Paulinus' most excellent productions, rivaling even his exquisite Cecilia in the music-hall. His able

pupil, Mr. G. Heimburger, has also been busy of late plying his brush in behalf of the College. Several of his recent paintings adorn the rooms of the Rev. Professors. We confidently expect that before leaving for the Seminary, he will exert the best of his efforts to bequeath something "in memorandum" to his Alma Mater.

Upon the demise of Miss Adelaide M. Murphy of Chicago, late editor of "The Little Crusader," Father Alphonse Grussi has taken up the editorship of the little paper. "The Little Crusader" is a Catholic Sunday-school paper, published weekly. The strongest proof of its excellence is the great number of its readers. Its columns are filled with matter equally interesting and instructive, especially for the young Catholic generation. It contains beautiful legends from the lives of the saints, very instructive and amusing stories, choice bits of poetry, "Plain Lesson on Christian Doctrine," select quotations from English authors, and "A Little Fun" into the bargain. Considering Father Alphonse's superior talent for juvenile literature, we may safely predict a bright future for "The Little Crusader."

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CLASS HONORS.

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The following students have merited honorable distinction by attaining the highest percentage in their respective classes at the April examinations.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Religion I.—S. Kraemer, S. Hartmann.

“ II.—Z. Yaeckle, C. Mohr, D. Neuschwanger, E. Schweitzer, J. Burke.

Religion III.—T. McLaughlin, T. Travers, U. Frenzer.
 Religion IV.—A. Riester, D. Brackmann.
 Latin I.—B. Wittemann, H. Hoerstman.
 Latin II.—S. Hartmann, S. Kraemer.
 " III.—D. Neuschwanger, J. Burke.
 " IV.—T. Saurer, G. Didier.
 " V.—J. Mayer.
 " VI.—A. Weyman, G. Hartjens.
 Greek I.—F. Kramer, L. Linz.
 " II.—U. Frenzer.
 " III.—D. Brackmann.
 " IV.—J. Connelly.
 English I.—S. Hartmann.
 " II.—T. Kramer, E. Schweitzer.
 " III.—P. Kanney, T. Saurer.
 " IV.—T. Travers, D. Brackmann.
 English V.—A. Weyman.
 German I.—B. Maloy.
 " II.—E. Ley, W. Hordeman.
 " III.—S. Kraemer.
 " IV.—C. Mohr, Z. Yaeckle.
 " V.—V. Schuette.
 French I.—G. Didier, T. Travers, V. Schuette.
 French II.—T. Brackmann, D. Brackmann.
 Penmanship I.—P. Baker, E. Kiely.
 Geography I.—M. Koester, C. Rohrkemper.
 Geography II.—J. Engesser, E. Schweitzer, Z. Yaeckle.
 Bible History I.—E. Kiely, J. Wessel.
 " II.—S. Hartmann.
 U. S.—H. Lueke, T. McLaughlin.
 Modern History—U. Frenzer, C. Crusey.
 Arithmetic I.—H. Brackmann.
 " II.—S. Hartmann, R. Monin.
 " III.—J. Steinbrunner, E. Ley, H. Reichert.
 Arithmetic IV.—J. Engesser, T. McLaughlin, J. Boeke.
 Algebra I.—H. Lueke, D. Neusch-

wanger.
 Algebra II. & III.—P. Kanney, V. Schuette, P. Staiert, T. Travers, J. Boeke.
 Geometry I.—D. Brackmann, J. Burke, T. Brackmann.
 Trigonometry.—S. Kuhnmuench, A. Weyman, F. Koch.
 Natural Philosophy.—D. Brackmann, A. Riester.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Book-Keeping and Commercial Law
 Class I.—T. Thienes, R. Peele.
 " II.—C. Crusey.
 " III.—T. McLaughlin.
 " IV.—J. Engesser.
 Music.—A. Schmidt, W. Arnold.
 (For other classes in the Commercial and Normal Courses see the Classical Department.)

NORMAL COURSE.

English.—J. Boeke.
 Geography.—J. Steinbrunner, J. Boeke.
 Physiology.—J. Boeke.
 Pedagogy.—J. Boeke.
 U. S. History.—J. Boeke.
 Civil Government.—T. McLaughlin, J. Boeke, J. Steinbrunner.
 Music.—J. Steinbrunner.

ROLL OF HONOR.

J. Burke, T. Reitz, E. Ley, A. Missler, W. Hordeman, V. Scharf, L. Eberle, S. Kuhnmuench, J. Connelly, G. Heimbürger, T. Travers, G. Hartjens, E. Mungovan, A. Weyman, E. Vogel, I. Zircher, T. Brackmann, F. Seroczinski, D. Brackmann, H. Fehrenbach, F. Koch, F. Ersing, W. Arnold, W. Sullivan, V. Krull, P. Sailer, J. Boeke, I.